

SHE PLAYED CROQUET.

I thought she was a lovely sight,
As faintly arrayed in white,
With rosy cheeks and glances bright,
That summer day
She played croquet.

Until beneath a shady tree
I stopped to rest, which chanced to be
Where in the kitchen I could see
That summer day
She played croquet.

And there alone in that hot place
Her mother stood with careworn face,
And ironed a gown all frills and lace,
That summer day
She played croquet.

A gown, the very counterpart
Of that she wore with witching art;
And so she did not win my heart
That summer day
She played croquet.
—Harper's Bazar.

MY DRUMMER-BOY.

Well-nigh twenty years have passed since the sound of the last gun of the war of the Rebellion died away in silence. The enemies engendered by the bitter struggle are buried with the nation's dead. The blue and gray who fell lie peacefully side by side, and we, the blue and gray who live, have clasped hands together, and spoken loyal words of courtesy and friendship.

But the children of that dark hour have grown to be young men and women, and know little of war but its holiday pomp and glory; so I have brought this little sketch from memory's portfolio that they may catch a passing glimpse of its stern reality, and partly, too, that they may see how suffering heroism sometimes finds its home in young, brave hearts.

Early in the year 1863 the Union forces, in one of the regiments of which I was an officer, lay encamped near Wilmington, North Carolina. There had been an exchange of prisoners, and the sick from Andersonville had been carried by boat down the Cape Fear River to Wilmington.

Partly from sympathy, and partly, perhaps, from curiosity, I had come in from our camp, which was located a few miles out of the city, to visit the hospital. An old brick warehouse was utilized for this purpose. It was a long, low, narrow building and the sick men lay on the floor, with their heads to the wall, in two rows up and down the room. As I entered from the street and passed slowly along between them, the wan, haggard faces of the sick men seemed ghastly in the uncertain light. It was a forlorn and desolate sick-room, indeed, and I did not wonder that the poor fellows were discouraged and almost despairing.

As I moved on I was startled at seeing what seemed to be the face of a mere child among the sick men—a lad of not over thirteen years—propped up against the wall. A tattered old blanket covered him. His hair was long and neglected, his cheeks sunken and feverish, and his body emaciated almost beyond belief.

I can give no idea of the pitiable, skeleton-like thinness of the little fellow. On his arms was hardly any flesh. His knees pointed the worn blanket sharply as it covered them, and his diseased feet had become utterly lifeless, with the toes and the ball of the foot entirely gone from one of them.

I was in horror at the sight; but as the poor little sufferer noticed my startled look, he said, in a bright, cheery voice, "They aint good for much, are they, lieutenant? See here!" and to my unspeakable dismay, with his fingers he broke off a piece of the dead flesh, as one would snap off the end of a chalk-pencil.

While I shuddered at the sight, my heart was taken captive by the cheerful, undaunted spirit of the boy. Obtaining permission, I bathed him, combed his hair, and in a short time had him in clean clothing and under a decent blanket. He was so patient, grateful and enthusiastic over his new possessions, that my admiration and affection for the little fellow rapidly increased.

"O lieutenant, aint they just splendid?" he burst out as he first saw the new blue blouse with its bright brass buttons, and felt of the soft blanket. "Ain't I glad to be clean again! I wish I could see myself now. You're right good to me, sir, and I thank you very much."

He must have been a beautiful boy before privation and disease had emaciated him. He had thick, curly, brown hair, large, speaking eyes, delicate nostrils, and a chin in which there nestled the shadow of what must have been a charming dimple. Exposure and sickness had clouded, but not entirely spoiled, a fair, clear complexion, and he still retained a frank and wonderfully winning smile, and out of his eyes looked a doubtless spirit, which evil associations had failed to corrupt or captivity to subdue.

He was, in a word, a boy whom every woman would have been drawn to and have loved, whom any man might have been proud to call his son.

His name, he told me, was Arthur Perry, his home in Ohio, his mother a widow. He was a drummer-boy, had been captured some months before, while with an ammunition train, and

had endured all the privations of prison-life ever since. Sickness had broken his constitution, and reduced him to a shadow. He was weak and feverish. His one great desire was to get home to his mother, whom he seemed to idolize. Taking my hand, he said,—

"It was pretty hard, sometimes, when there wasn't anything to eat and I was sick, and it was wet and cold. Sometimes I was so lonesome and homesick I couldn't help crying, and it seemed as if I never should get home. But it's all over now. I'm going home to mother. I wish you knew her, lieutenant. She's the dearest, loveliest mother in the world, and oh, I do love her so! Do you suppose she'll know me?"

"Why, of course she'll know you, and she'll be very proud of you, too," I replied.

"Do you really think she will? You don't think they will make any difference, do you?" he asked, chokingly, as he pointed to his crippled feet.

"No, no, no, my dear boy. She will only love you a thousand times the more."

"I'm glad you think so, lieutenant," and he went on to picture his coming home—how his mother would fold him in her arms and kiss him again and again, and how his little brother and sister would listen to his stories with wide-open eyes, and how he would run out to see his old school-fellows—here, as the thought of his poor, useless feet flashed through his mind, his voice faltered, a tear stole out from under the long lashes, as he laid his head on my shoulder. But it was only for a moment. The brave little soul was up again.

"You see I aint used to it yet," he said, with a pathetic smile, as he brushed away the tears. As he talked of his far-away home his eyes grew so bright and he seemed so fresh and strong that I began to think perhaps he would live to reach home. But he soon wearied and fell into a restless sleep, his head still on my shoulder, his hands clasped about my arm, as if he feared that some way in his sleep he might be taken away.

As I passed out, I asked a surgeon if it would not be well to send for his mother. He said it would be useless, as the boy could not possibly live the week out. That night I obtained leave to remain at the hospital a day or two.

When I went down next morning my little friend was expecting me, and when he saw me coming his face lighted.

"Good morning," said I; "how did you rest last night?"

"I'm glad you've come early, lieutenant. I've had the strangest dream, and it was splendid, too. I want to tell you about it."

His eyes were unnaturally bright, his cheeks flushed, and his whole face aglow with pleasure at my coming and excitement about his dream. I bathed his face and hands, brushed the clustering hair, and told him meanwhile that I was going to take care of him for a day or two, and was amply paid for it by his delight and grateful happiness. "And now," said I, "let's hear that wonderful dream."

"You see," he began, "after you left me last night I went right to sleep, and thought I was somewhere else, only I didn't know where it was, but I could look up and see the stars in the sky. It seemed to me there were never so many before. And they kept twinkling so that I thought that something must be the matter, and I found out some way that they were all very angry because the moon had been coming up so early the last few nights."

"Then, all of a sudden, while I was thinking about the stars, there was my old drum lying by my side. Where it came from I didn't know, and I didn't care, either. Oh, but I was glad to see it once more!"

"I picked it up, slung the strap over my neck, and began to play to see if it was all right. It sounded just as it used to, and there wasn't a single thing broken or wrong about it. You can't guess how good it seemed to be at it again!"

"Then I thought I'd see if I could remember all the different calls. I began with the Assembly, and I could play it just as well as ever I could, and I beat and beat and forgot everything else, till I looked up a minute,—and then, what do you think?"

"The sky was just as full as could be of shooting stars. I couldn't imagine what it all meant; but I watched the stars, and I saw, pretty quick, that they had heard the drum-call and were hurrying up from every direction, and falling into line just like soldiers."

"The biggest stars were the generals, the next biggest were the colonels, and then came the lieutenant-colonels and the majors, the captains and lieutenants and the sergeants and the corporals; and the littlest stars of all were the privates."

"Well, when I saw what they were doing, I kept right on at the Assembly, until there was a great army of stars drawn up right across the sky. I didn't know what they were going to do, but I guessed they were getting ready to attack the moon, and drive it back out of the sky."

"And so, when every star was in its place and the ranks all dressed, I sounded the Advance and the army moved off just like veterans. There wasn't a single break in the line. When they had marched up pretty near to where the moon was entrenched, I beat the Charge, and the brave little stars rushed right up into the face of the enemy."

"Then I thought there was a terrible battle. But before long I began to see first one poor, pale little star, and then another, and another, fall back and drop down, down, down through the sky, until they were lost out of sight, and I thought, Oh, the poor fellows,

they must be the killed and the wounded and the missing.

"And all the while the moon didn't give way at all. Pretty soon my poor stars began to fall faster and faster, until thousands and thousands went dropping, falling down out of the sky."

"And I just couldn't stand it any longer, for you see, I was on the stars' side, so I beat the Retreat as hard as I could, and then the army began to fall back. But there were great gaps in the line and hundreds of stragglers. Every little while some poor star, that had been wounded and couldn't keep up any longer, would go sinking slowly down out of sight."

"O lieutenant! How sorry I felt for them. And I noticed that the night had grown darker, and I thought, that is because so many bright stars were killed in the fight, and because the eyes of the rest are all full of tears for their lost comrades and their defeat."

"Then they all looked so tired and sleepy that I sounded Taps at once, and the whole army put out their lights and turned in and went to sleep right away."

"Pretty soon I thought it was sunrise, and I jumped up and beat the Reveille, and while I was rattling away I thought a part of Gen. Sherman's army came marching by. There were the cavalry, with their jangling sabres, and the artillery, with their brass guns as bright as gold, and then thousands and thousands of infantry, with their muskets all at right-shoulder-shift. And I thought there was one splendid drum corps. The fifes sounded out loud and shrill, just as they used to, and the drums,—there must have been twenty-five of them,—and the rat-tat-tat of the snares, and the boom, boom of the big bass fellows fairly set me crazy."

"Oh, I was wild to be marching along with the rest! They were playing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' and I struck right in with the old drum and played my very best. I don't know what it was happened then, but I think the drum must have got wings some way, for it rose right up in the air, and I with it, and we went up over the roofs and chimneys, and the woods and the hills; but all the while I could hear that splendid drum-corps playing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' though I couldn't see the troops any more. So I kept on beating away for dear life, for I was a little frightened at first when I saw how high up we were."

"But soon the fifes and the drums began to sound fainter and fainter, and at the very moment when I couldn't hear them at all—only think of it! I looked down, and right there under us was the very old schoolhouse where I used to go to school. And then there was old Deacon Ingall's, who lives down close by the swimming-hole, you know. Just beyond was the saw-mill and Charley Brown's house and the Methodist Church, and then, O lieutenant, there was home and mother and the children and Carlo, all looking up at us."

"And then,—oh, the dear, sweet, sweet mother!—I was down in the yard like a flash, with my arms round her neck, and she laughed and cried and kissed me over and over again, and called me her dear, brave soldier-boy."

"I cried just like a baby, I was so happy. It seemed as if I never could love her enough. And when I looked around to speak to the children, the neighbors were coming over from every direction, and they all seemed to be singing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home.' And there was the dear old drum beating away all of itself, just as hard as ever it could, 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home.'"

"Isn't it too bad, lieutenant, that 'twas only a dream? Oh, if the good God only knew how I want to see my mother, He'd surely make it come true. Do you, do you really think I can start pretty soon?"

He was wide awake and cheerful during the day, and talked a great deal about his friends and his home, but he was evidently sinking fast. Towards evening he grew silent, and seemed unconscious of my presence. It may be that he was listening to the gentle voices of the angels, as they told him life had reached its close. It may be that the pitying heart of the Great Father had granted the dying wish of the brave little soul, and given him sight, and communion with the mother he so loved and longed for. After a while the closed eyes slowly opened, and he gazed steadily into my face. Then, without a single trace of fear in his countenance, but with such a deep, pitiful disappointment in his voice that it nearly broke my heart, he said,—

"I know now, lieutenant, I shall never see mother again."

He begged that I would not leave him, and reaching up his arms with a feeble effort, his eyes pleaded that I would take him in my arms. Ah! I shall never forget the pathos of those poor shrunken, almost transparent little hands, or the wistful yearning of the large, beautiful eyes for sympathy and love.

I lifted him gently up and promised that I would not leave him. I spoke to him of the tenderness, the gentleness and love of the Great Heart that holds the little ones of earth in its special care. He asked me to sing "Home, Sweet Home" for him, and as the last note died away, he touched my face with a soft, caressing motion.

"You've been good to me, lieutenant," he said.

I smoothed back the curly brown hair and received his simple messages for "mother and the children." And there in the soft gray twilight, his head on my shoulder, with one poor little arm about my neck, God's messenger took him to the better home on high.

THE BATTLE OF THE NATIONS.

Napoleon's Military Movements and his Blunders.

Quick growths decay quickly. Napoleon's precocity astonished the world, but his early failure of faculties is equally wonderful. After the battles of Eckmuhl he was barely a second rate general. Aspern was a failure. Wagram was a failure. The entire Russian campaign was a failure. At Lutzen he was barely not defeated. At Bantzen, with overwhelming forces, he conquered, but made no prisoners. His victory at Dresden was due chiefly to a lucky topography. By pushing Vandamme into peril and utterly failing to support him, that General's army was annihilated. By pushing Oudinot, and afterward Ney, too far north at Gross Beeren and Dornowitz, and MacDonald too far south at Katsbach, their armies were defeated and almost ruined. In short, the campaign of the Elbe was a failure. Napoleon's management was bad. Even the illiterate and stupid Blucher outwitted him.

The nations were combined against Napoleon. Spain, England, substantially all the Germanic sovereignties, Sweden and Norway and Russia and Austria, through his vicious statesmanship, were in alliance and were resolved to conquer or die. In October, 1813, he had become much weakened by successive disasters. The allies determined on a bold movement. Schwarzenberg, in command of the Austrian and Russian forces, marched to his rear from the south, and Blucher with Prussians and Bernadotte with Swedes from the North, made a like movement. Their purpose was to unite at Leipzig. Napoleon was then at Dresden. The allies were immensely superior to him in numbers. A military tyro ought to have known that a concentration of his forces was necessary. Especially was a concentration necessary when his communication with France was threatened. Napoleon saw clearly his peril. Weeks before he forwarded to his War Minister in Paris an order to man and provision fortresses along the Rhine with a view to defensive warfare on that frontier. Yet when he saw his communications threatened from both north and south and the destruction of his army imminent, he delayed. His mind seemed paralyzed.

In addition to the army which he actually led into battle at Leipzig, he had more than 200,000 excellent troops scattered in different garrisons on and near the Baltic and on the Elbe. Though treated with destruction, he allowed them to remain, and all were finally taken prisoners. Even when he did quit Dresden to march to Leipzig, he had time to collect the garrisons of Dresden, Meissen, Torgau, Wittenburg and Magdeburg, making a total of 90,000. It is inexplicable that Napoleon allowed these to remain idle. Though time was terribly precious, and though the weather was cold and rainy, he made a circuitous route, by which he wasted 150 miles of march, lost 12,000 men for service through exposure and consequent sickness, loitered four days at Duben and brought his army into Leipzig exhausted. He reached Leipzig October 15. His main army was posted about five miles south of Leipzig and on a slight ridge, which gave him an advantage of position. Though his line of battle was about four miles long, yet the country was so level and so free from forests that he was able from an elevated point to survey the field. To his 115,000 men Schwarzenberg opposed 160,000.

To oppose Blucher's approach from the North with 60,000 (Bernadotte was tardy) he stationed Marmont with 20,000 at the village of Mockern, five miles north of Leipzig. But it was essential that his line of retreat must be guarded, and hence he placed Margaron with 10,000 at Lindenau, about two miles west of Leipzig, to guard the railroad bridges. Bertrand with 10,000 was stationed in the city to aid Margaron or Marmont, as occasion might require. This was a mistake. Bertrand did nothing, although Margaron was overpowered and driven back. Thus on the night of the 15th there were three battlefields prepared. The troops of the allies were burning with patriotic hate.

October 16, 1813. At 9 o'clock in the morning seventy-one years ago Schwarzenberg opened fire. Soon the battle raged all along the line. For three hours Schwarzenberg gained ground slowly but steadily. Napoleon's right, where the battle raged furiously, was driven back. But at 12 the tide turned. Napoleon massed on the enemy's center, determined to pierce it. Within three hours he had gained an important advantage. He even concluded that he had gained a victory, and sent to Leipzig an order to ring all bells as a demonstration of joy. The order was premature. How Napoleon must then have regretted that the 200,000 troops scattered in garrisons were not there. Even the 90,000 that he could have ordered to his aid when he left Dresden, say, perhaps the 10,000 whom Bertrand at that hour held in idleness in Leipzig, might have turned the scale. The need was terrible. The alternative of victory was ruin. His crown was staked on the issue of this hour. Schwarzenberg recovered. Night closed on one of the bloodiest battlefields of modern times, and Napoleon's knell was knelled. The butchery had been awful. Maison's division had lost five out of six. In nine hours 60,000

men had been stretched upon the ground dead or dying.

By hard fighting Margaron had kept the road open Marmont had been beaten. In one day the nations had been in death struggle on three bloody fields. Napoleon was lost.

Gross as Napoleon's blunder had been he now makes a blunder still more gross. Knowing that on the morrow the allies would be reinforced by Bernadotte with 50,000 and by Benadotte with 60,000, his manifest duty was to embrace the protection of darkness for an immediate retreat. With a paralysis of mind that puzzles history, he stood still. Even through the next day, the 17th he stood still. The next night, too, he stood still. On the 18th the enemy, enormously reinforced, renewed the struggle. It is idle to describe it. Immensely outnumbered, Napoleon drew his army around Leipzig and insanely gave battle. This swelled the total number of killed and wounded, in all the battles of the two days to more than 100,000. When night came the emperor had no choice but to retreat. There was but one bridge leading across the Elster. On the 16th he ought to have ordered secondary bridges to have been built. On the 17th he ought to have ordered them. Yet so completely unequal to his duties does he appear to have been that no bridges were ordered, and that vast army, in the terror and tumult of a retreat made in presence of a maddened and triumphant foe, was limited to one ordinary bridge. Napoleon gave an order to unite the eastern arch and fire it as soon as the French army should have completed its crossing. He himself immediately passed over. By and by a terrific explosion was heard. Through somebody's blunder the mine had been fired prematurely, thousands of French soldiers were blown into the air and 20,000 who formed the rear guard were left to the mercies of an infuriated enemy. The battle of the Nations, as these battles are called, were ended. Napoleon was conquered and ruined. His fall is imputable, first to his bad statesmanship, which had the effect to unite Europe against him; secondly to the bad generalship of his later career, and thirdly to the deep and almost universal dissatisfaction with which he came to be regarded by the French people.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ABOUT HEROINES.

Femininity the Woman's Greatest Charm in Real Life, if Not in Books. From Chamber's Journal.

Most of us have heard of a certain thoughtful little girl who took Time by the forelock, and decided that if woman must have some profession to turn to, she would be a professional beauty. Several women have passed the old turnstile to public life, and got in somehow on men's tickets. Their insignificant sisters peep over the wall and observe that men who outside were the soul of chivalry, begin to elbow the ladies within, and ungallantly assert in self-defense that the ladies have elbows, too. The insignificant sisters will not enter; but if they tried to reason about it, they would be "stumped out" in a moment by the others on the platform inside. "When I hear a woman use intellectual arguments I am dismayed," says a wise thinker from beyond the Atlantic, and the insignificant crowd aforesaid and the majority of the world agree with him in this, and those outside the wall find out all at once that a woman's unreasoning nature is no insignificant charm. "Her best reason, as it is the world's best, is the inspiration of a pure and believing heart. She is the happiest when she devotes herself, obedient to her patient and unselfish nature, to some loved being or high cause, and glory itself, says Madame de Staël, would be for her only splendid mourning suit for happiness denied."

In America, where life is lived double-quick, and where every product, from a continent downward, is of the largest size, there are crops of over-taught girlhood ripe already for our inspection. Women of the middle classes there can discuss the nebular hypothesis or the binomial theory, as ours talk of lacework and the baby. Mr. Hudson, in his recent "Scamper through America," declares that to converse in the railway cars with ladies returning from conventions and conferences was a genuine pleasure; an intellectual treat. But he adds that, though one could reverence them, almost worship them, to love them was out of the question. For each one of us there is some face enshrined in memory, whose influence is lofty as an inspiration, whose power is a living power, whose love has been stronger than death, and will light an upward path for us even to life's end. Why is all this but because she whom we loved was a heroine? And what were her characteristics? One answer will serve for all—Tenderness, gentleness, self-forgetfulness, suffering. The last characteristic may not be universal like the rest. But the highest love can only exist where suffering has touched the object loved. It is one of the compensations for the manifold sorrows of this world of ours. The fire of trial seems to light up every beauty and attraction. The life that not only loved much, but suffered much, has a royal right of influence as long as memory lasts—an influence which cannot belong to any life which suffering has not crowned.